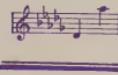


No1 IN Bb



No2 IN D^b



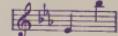
VOCAL DUET



HIGH VOICE

LOW VOICE

No3 IN Bb



CHRIST IN FLANDERS

SONG

WORDS BY

GORDON JOHNSTONE

MUSIC BY

WARD-STEPHENS

VOCAL DUET (FOR HIGH AND LOW VOICE)	40 NET
RECITATION (MUSIC AND WORDS BY WARD-STEPHENS OF GORDON JOHNSTONE'S WORDS)	40 NET
FEMALE OCTAVO, TRIO FOR S.S.C.)	15 NET
MALE OCTAVO, QUARTET (FOR B.B.B.)	15 NET
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SONG ORCHESTRATION (OB.)	
14 PARTS AND PIANO 80 NET	
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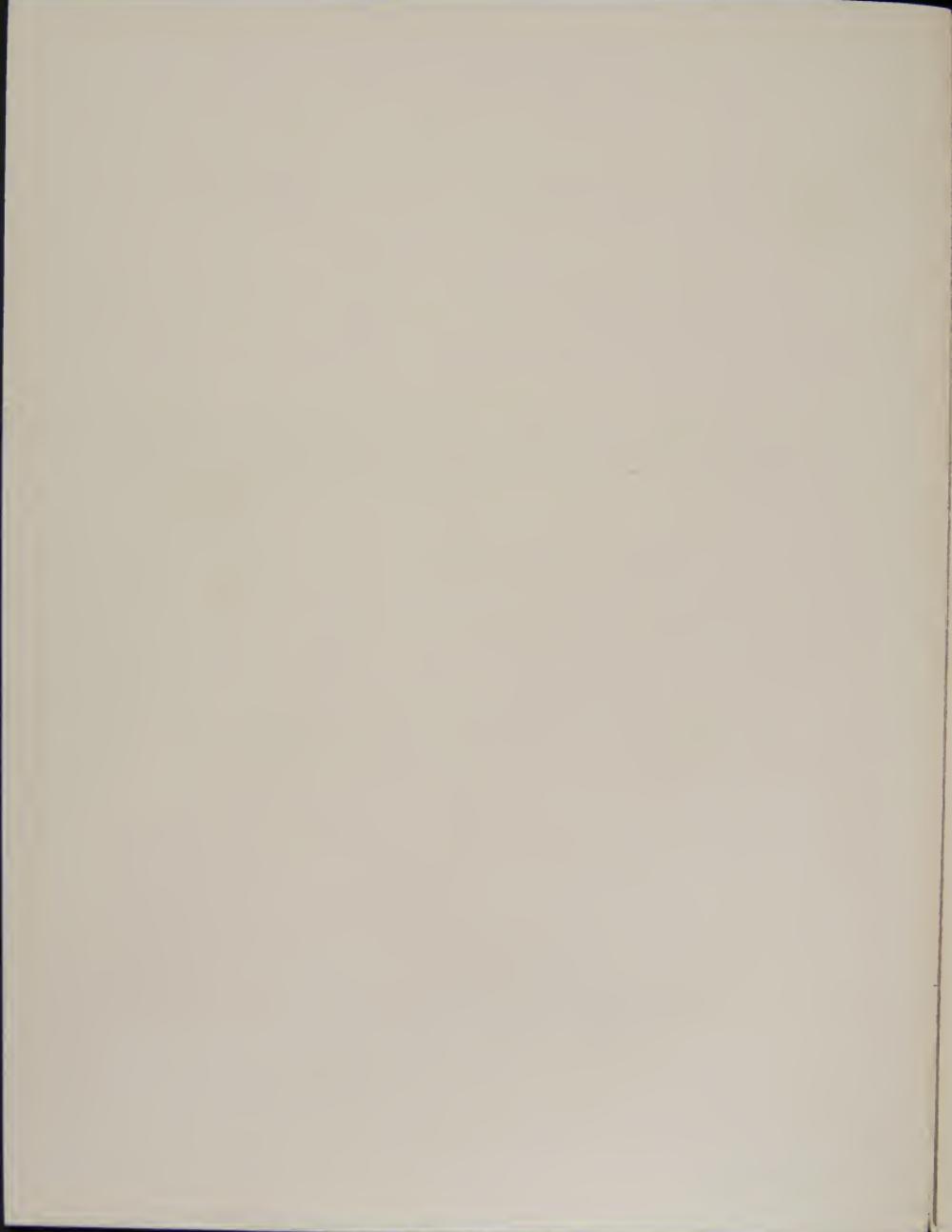
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Christ in Flanders

Have you seen Him on fields of Flanders
With His brave and tender smile?
Did He ease your load on that shell-swept road
On that last long weary mile?
Did you meet Him among your comrades
From far and distant lands?
In the sun's red glare, did you see Christ there
With the heart of France in His Hand?

I have prayed in her fields of poppies,
I have laughed with the men who died—
But in all my ways, and through all my days
Like a friend He walked beside.
I have seen a sight under Heaven
That only God understands
In the battle's glare I have seen Christ there
With the Sword of God in His Hand.

Gordon Johnstone

Christ In Flanders

Words by
GORDON JOHNSTONE

Music by
WARD-STEVENS

Moderato not dragging

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shell - swept road on the last long wea - ry
 mile? Did you meet Him a - mong your com - rades From
 far and dis - tant lands? In the sun's red glare did you
 see Christ there with the heart of France in His hand? Maestoso

con vigoroso

—

I have prayed in her fields of poppies, I have
Piano *Piano*

mf

laughed with the men who died. But in all my ways and through

Tenderly *marcato*

all my days Like a friend He walked be - side. *Piano* I have

no retard

seen a sight un - der Hea - ven
 That on - ly God un - der - stands In the
 bat - tle's glare I have seen Christ there with the sword of
 God in His hand.

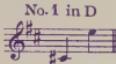
C 7131.4

FEATURED BY MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM IN FRANCE?

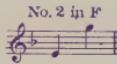
(Brother O'Mine)

No. 1 in D



Words by
GORDON JOHNSTONE

No. 2 in F



Music by
WARD - STEPHENS

Moderato

Have you

seen him in France, just a' wee lit tie chap, Bro-ther, O Bro - ther O'

Mine, — With his dark cur - ly hair un-der - neath Kha - ki cap,

Brother, O Brother O' Mine.

Have you met him out there underneath foreign skies,
With a song on his lips and his great laughing eyes,
Has he bound up your wounds for the lad's motherwise, Brother, O Brother O' Mine.

He was like a young tree by his own father's side, Brother, O Brother O' Mine.
But his step was as brave as his glory and pride, Brother, O Brother O' Mine.
He smiled up in me face, when it came time to start,
With a kiss from them both, when the drums made us part,
With a smile from them both, but the smile broke me heart,
Brother, Dear Brother O' Mine.